



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

NUMBER 303.

OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

THURSDAY, Nov. 16,

RENTFROW'S MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY,

THE

JOLLY PATHFINDERS,

In their reconstructed, imitable musical absurdity, entitled

"SCRAPS."

I. N. RENTFROW, Proprietor and Manager
O. P. Sisson, Sole Business Manager

EXPLANATION.—A party of ladies and gentlemen going on a steamboat excursion, arrive near the boat landing, and finding they have two hours and a quarter to wait before the departure of the boat, propose to pass the time away with songs, dances, representations, etc. The amusement of the party is made all the more enjoyable by the surroundings and stupid, blundering awkwardness of their negro attendant.

THE CAST:

MAY BLOSSOM, (A Stage Struck Heorine).....MISS JOSIE Sisson
A game.....MISS GERTIE WEBSTER
GRACE MARKINS, (Cousin to Mede).....By the Party
A Lunch.....MR. OSCAR Sisson
FRANK TWITLER, (A Bachelor).....For Three
Ice Cream.....MR. HARRY MILLS
MEDE MARKINS, (Crushed Again).....By the Bear
Bravo.....MR. F. W. STILLMAN
THEORALTUS LUCH, (An Invited Guest).....AL Him
Ma, Look.....MR. J. N. RUTHFRON
CLAUDE, (Ebony Servant).....

A grand incidental olio to the extravaganza, introducing the following specialties:

MR. HARRY MILLS,

In his neat German specialties, *a la enmet*, singing, "He Gave my Hand a Squeeze," "Schnider How You Vas," Ven the Moon He Climbed," and the celebrated Cuckoo song.

THE CALIFORNIA

JOSIE SISSONS OSCAR

In their original musical burletta, entitled
"OH, WHAT A PIC-NIC,"

KITTIE PARKER, (Our Little Girl From School).....JOSIE Sisson
FOOLISH BILLY SIMPKINS, (Kitties' Bean).....OSCAR Sisson

MR. F. W. STILLMAN.

As Prucella Poole Bedott, and the crushed tragedian.

MISS JOSIE Sisson,

In her dialect and character impersonations. Dolly Dobyns, (A Yorkshire lass with song, "No-body Assed You Sir, She Said.

BIDDY MULROONY.....With song, "Our Summer Morning and Irish jig.

WIDOW CRYTVELL.....With song, Keno Kino.

The whole to conclude with the parade of THE INVINCIBLES by the company; arrival of the steamer PATHFINDER.

ADMISSION.....50 and 75c

Reserved seats on sale at TAYLOR'S NEWS DEPOT without extra charge.

BURDETT ORGANS!

45,000 NOW IN USE.

Organists and Musicians pronounce it unequalled; of pure tone, great compass and power, improving by age, and the most durable Organ made.

We can endorse all the wonderful things that are said about its tone-vocality, tone-power and tone-variety.—The Church Union.

It has more sweetness and power than any other.—C. F. FEINE, Organist.

ST. PETERS CATHEDRAL, CINCINNATI, O.

Call and examine, or send for catalogue

L. F. METZGER.

old&wlm

Maysville, Ky.

PIANOS and ORGANS.

THE agency of the Johnson & Co., organs and pianos, is now represented by J. T. BRADDER, 77 East Second Street, L. F. Metzger, their former agent, having resigned.

I will supply these celebrated instruments at the manufacturers' prices. They are noted for their exquisite tone, durability and finish, and wherever used have never failed to give entire satisfaction. All who need good instruments at moderate cost are invited to call. I will take pleasure in exhibiting the instruments and in furnishing all information desired. Address,

J. T. BRADDER, Sole Agent,

oil-lm&w 77, East Second st., Maysville, Ky.

BULL-DOC

CIGARS.

THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR IN

THE MARKET.

—FOR SALE AT—

J. C. Pecor & Co.'s

sep27d&w6m Drug Store.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SLATES,

PENCILS,

PENS,

INKS,

EXERCISE,

AND

COPY BOOKS,

SATCHELS.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

A PRESENT Given to every child at

J. C. PECOR & CO.'S.

"TOO TOO" RURAL, AND TRULY RURAL.

Oh! isn't the country just lovely?
So peaceful and quiet and all that;
It seems like a dream or an opera.
Of course, dear, your new Watteau hat,
The one that you wore as Maud Muller,
When to Cambrini, the art st., you sat.

Yes, we'll stroll for awhile amid Nature,
And visit each wild woodland nook;
Cull daisies and other sweet flowerets,
On the banks of some clear, purring brook.
A pink sash? No; blue is more rural.
No gloves! Why how odd you will look.

No doubt, dear, we'll meet with a shepherd,
With curls, and a crook, and a lute
That he'll play like a very Apollo,
And be dressed in a green velvet suit.
His eyes will be big, sad and tender—
Oh! bother! Please button this boot.

Just think of the brave, handsome mowers,
Who merrily warble their lay,
At five o'clock in the morning,
To milkmaids, whose work is but play.
I've seen them so often in "Martha"
That—No, I won't write that letter to-day.

And when, coming home through the gloam-
ing,
We meet with the soft-lowing kine,
We'll deck th'm with ribbons and garlands,
With flowers their meek brows we'll entwine.
I know, for I've read, how they do it
When coming from pastures Alpine.

So these simple city maidens,
Who knew country ways so well,
Having learned from b. oks and opera
More than ever rustics tell,
Strolled abroad through field and meadow,
Met w th snakes in woodland nooks,
Gathered daisies, with them brambles,
Got their feet wet in the brooks.

Found a flock of sheep, and with them
Saw a shepherd, it is true;
But an op-er-a shepherd he was
No more like than I or you.
He was ragged and bare-footed,
Ten years old, and brown with tan;
Instead of tuning lutes, he shouted:
"That ram'll butt yer, ef he can."

They heard no brave and gallant mowers,
Warbling lays to milkmaids coy;
But saw a monster drawn by horses,
Driven by a freckled boy,
Laying low the tender grasses,
With a horrid crash and din,
And found the boy had other fancies
Than a milkmaid's smile to win.

Going homeward through the gloaming
Is the saddest to recall:
For they met the lowing cattle—
Merely met, and that was all.
Now, when asked about the country,
They reply, with smile so sage,
That you know they've learned the dif'rence
Twixt reality and the stage.
—Kirk Munroe, in N. Y. Independent.

Advice to a Young Man.

Get married, my boy? Telemachus, come up close and look me right in the eye, and listen to me with both ears. Get married. If you never do another thing in the world, marry. You can't afford it? Your father married on a smaller salary than you are getting now, my boy, and he has eight children, doesn't have to work very hard, and every year he pays a great pile of your little bills that your salary won't cover. And your father was just as good a man at your age as you are now. Certainly you can afford to marry. You can't afford not to. No, I'm not going to quote that tiresome old saying that what will keep one person will keep two, because it won't. A thousand dollar salary won't keep two one thousand dollar people, but it will keep two five hundred dollar people nicely, and that's all you are, just now, my boy. You need not wince or get angry. Let me tell you, a young man who rates in the world as a five hundred dollar man, all the year round, Monday as well as Saturday, the day after Christmas just as well as the day before; the fifth of July as well as the third, he is going to rate higher every year, until he is a partner almost before he hoped to be bookkeeper. Good, reliable five hundred dollar young men are not such a drug in the market as you suppose. You marry, and your wife will bring tact, and love, and skill, and domestic genius and womanly economy that will early double

your salary. But you would have to deny yourself many little luxuries and liberties? Certainly you would; or rather you'd willingly give them up for greater luxuries. And you don't want to shoulder the burdens and cares of married life? I see you do not. And I see what you do not realize, perhaps—that all your objections to marriage are mean and selfish. You haven't given one manly reason for not marrying. If you do marry, you are going into a world of new cares, new troubles, new embarrassments. You are going to be careful and worried about many things. You are going to be tormented with household cares and perplexities all new and untried to you. You are going to be pestered and bothered and troubled. You will have to walk the floor with ten pounds of baby and a barrel full of colic, when you are nearly crazy for sleep. You will have to tell stories to the children when you want to read. You will have to mend a toy for young Tom when you ought to be writing letters. You will have to stay at home in the evening when you used to go to the club. The baby will rumple your necktie and the other children will trample into your lap with their dusty shoes. Your wife will have so much to do looking after the comfort of her husband and children that she won't be able to sing and play for you every evening, as your sweet-heart did. Your time will not be your own, and you will have less leisure and freedom for fishing and shooting excursions, camps in the mountains and yachting trips along the coast, than your bachelor friends of your own age. I admit all this. But then, you will be learning self-denial, you will be living for some one else; you will be loving some one better than you love yourself, and more than a thousand fold that compensates for all that you give up.

Why, you want to remain single now, my boy, just because you are selfish. And the longer you stay single the more this selfishness will grow upon you. There are some noble exceptions among bachelors, I know, and some mean ones among married men; and a selfish married man needs killing more than any other man I know, but as a rule—just look around your own friends and see who are the unselfish men; who it is that gives up his seat in a street car to a woman—not a pretty, young girl, but a homely, wrinkled woman in a shabby dress; who is it heads the charity subscriptions; who pays the largest pew rent; who feeds the beggars; who finds work for the tramp; who are the men foremost in unselfish work? I know your young bachelor friends are not stingy. O, no. I know Jack Fastboy paid \$570 last week for a new buggy—it is light as a match-box and has such a narrow seat that he never can ask a friend to ride with him; and at the same time Dick Slocum, who married your sister Alice five years ago, gave \$250 for the cyclone sufferers. I think the angels laughed all that afternoon, my boy, but I don't think it was because Jack paid \$570 for his new buggy. If you want to shirk the responsibilities of life, my dear boy, you may; if you want to live forty or fifty years longer with no one under the heavens to think about or care for or plan for but yourself, go ahead and do it; you will be the only loser, the world won't miss you nearly as much as you will miss the world; you will have a mean, lonely, selfish, easy time, and, unless you are a rare exception to your class, little children will hate you, and the gods never yet loved any man whom the children disliked.

—The latest English fashion is the painting of blue veins on ladies' temples, wrists and arms.